1: Kelly E-5 (1930) 1934 Northern Paiute
Surprise Valley

756 A shaman sings over his patient; he smokes; he calls upon his various spirits to cure:

The doctor would sing and see how the pain went. He would look and tell his medicine to stop it. He tried other medicines until one was strong enough. Then he was a little tired. He saw the patient again the next day. When the man got well he believed in the doctor.

Curing by extraction was known, but only the best shamans could do it.

Some doctors could suck out objects. They were reddish brown like pieces of meat. We watched closely because some had things in their mouths and pretended to take them out of the patient. A good doctor asked everybody to look at the things he sucked out. If a person swallowed them they made him sick. Some who did not believe swallowed them, and sickened immediately. A doctor swallowed the objects he sucked out; they did not hurt him (JB).

And further:

Only the best doctors could suck out things. When a doctor took out a snake or a bug he held it up for everyone to see, telling them when the patient would be well (P).

Treatment was usually at night, because "that is when a doctor dreams." If very ill, the patient was doctored during the day. When a shaman doubted his ability to cure, he put an arrowpoint on the coals and blew on it until it was red hot. He then took it in his hand, placed it to his mouth, and swallowed it. He did not do that if he were sure of the patient's recovery. Charlie Washo's father is said to have swallowed hot points without injury to himself.

● 159 Two accounts of curing follow:

756 When I was sick two years ago, Dr. Sam and Dr. Louie found me. There were many people around. I could not open my eyes. They told me, "You had better go home." I opened my eyes; all my friends were there. They gave me water to drink. My left arm and leg were stiff; I could not move. Dr. Sam and Dr. Louie both sang. They said, "Stay here; this is your own country. In the morning talk to the sun." I put white paint on my face [indicating the right cheek]. In the morning I was better. I could eat. When I was stronger I went to the sweat-house. The doctors slashed my hand and foot and let out the blood. They smoked; had eagle feathers to help them. I held the feathers.

It took me three months to get well. My boy told everybody, "My father is dying"(CW).

When I was sick two months ago, Albert Townsend's mother tried to doctor me one night, but she did not know what was wrong, and told me to go to the hospital.

Then my father and husband went to Summit lake to bring Billy Peanuts. He asked two dollars a night to treat me and wanted a pocket knife besides. He said he would not collect unless he cured.

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He told them to make an open willow shade [circular enclosure] and put me in at night. They made a fire in the center, and the doctor, my father, his wife, my husband, and many other people came in. The treatment lasted until sunrise.

The doctor sang about different things—the wind and things like that—keeping time with his rattle. He was barefooted and wore a headband of eagle feathers. He put an arrowpoint tied to a feather on my chest. Wherever he put it he sucked. He seemed to draw the blood out somehow but did not suck out any object. He put a bullet on my chest. Sometimes he sucked, and the bullet went into his mouth.

He smoked cigarettes and danced around the fire, praying all the time; I don't know what he prayed to. He asked two women to dance and they skipped around. Another woman talked all night, telling them to keep on with the doctoring.

The doctor chanted, and his son told in plain Paiute what he was saying. I think they have special songs. The doctor started the singing, and his son led the people off. The son knew all the songs.[281] The doctor kept on dancing.

They did this every other night for sixteen nights (eight treatments), calling on a different spirit each night.

The doctor told me one lung was covered with blood.[282] He gave no medicine but said not to eat much meat or fruit except oranges.

Before Billy Peanuts came from Summit lake, Nettie de Gamo cured my headache. She made a hole in my forehead with an arrowpoint and let out black-looking blood. This was in the morning; she did not pray or sing. Nettie has headaches most of the time and cures herself the same way.

Before this I did not believe in an Indian doctor, and I did not want one to treat me. But I guess he saved my life.[283]

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A shaman treated in his own family; two or three shamans might treat a patient. Practitioners from other tribes were not employed.

As payment, a shaman was given moccasins or a large deer hide, sometimes already tanned. "If a man had nothing he had to pay all the same. Then he gave the doctor a bullroarer" (CW). According to Piudy, payment was given each night at the beginning of the treatment, and the shaman retained his fee even though the patient died. Charlie said that the payment must be returned if the individual did not recover. Joshua's statement casts an interesting light on the return payment:

White doctors charge too much. The Indian doctor doesn't cost much unless he cures. You pay him $1.50, soon $2.00, then maybe $2.25. If your relative dies you say, "Give me back my money because you didn't cure." The doctor says, "Well, I give it back because you are poor. I did the best I could." Sometimes you ask for only half the money. If you made him return all, he might get angry and make you sick.

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[281] This is at variance with what I was told concerning a shaman's songs.
[282] The government doctor diagnosed her case as typhoid fever.
[283] Minnie Teham Archie, Fort Bidwell.

5: Park E-5 (1935) 1934
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756 424 Shamanistic power is not always transferred by inheritance. Several informants spoke of a parent or a grandparent who had been a shaman and added, "I am supposed to get some power but I have never dreamed about it so I am not a shaman."

Some of the Paviotso believed that the power inherited from a relative is not as strong as it was when the original shaman possessed it. The following was related at Pyramid lake.

[778] [787] If a shaman has a daughter she will turn into a shaman. She will be a weaker shaman than her father. Her father's spirit comes to her and tells her to fix eagle feathers and put them away. Then she goes to sleep and she hears songs coming from the east. The songs come from where the night comes. She hears them far off at first and then they are louder. After a while she can hear the song clearly. Then her power tells her to be a shaman.

756 787 A younger man may learn to be a shaman from his father while the parent is still alive.

Sometimes a man will get his power from his father. A father will tell his son to be a shaman. The son will start to dream and go into trances. His father tells him that he will be a shaman some day. The son dreams for a long time and then the father teaches him to cure sick people. He never learns this when he is a boy. He must be a man. Both father and son may be shamans at the same time.

[778] *Power quest.*—In the Paviotso territory there are a number of caves where shamanistic power is sought. About eight such places are known to the people today. Perhaps formerly there were others whose locations are now unknown. Only men usually seek power in the caves according to the male informants, but Rosie Plummer insisted that women also could become shamans in the same way. The person who goes to one of these caves must be brave, for all sorts of terrible noises are heard and if one were to run away the quest for power would fail.

No fasting nor any sort of preparation is made before visiting a cave in search of shamanistic power. A man goes to a cave in the late afternoon or evening. When he gets there he announces or thinks about the power that he wants. He must sleep in the cave for the night. During the night he is told in a vision or in a dream what he has to do to become a shaman. Songs may be given to him at this time or they may be learned in subsequent dreams.

756 787 The following account of a visit to one of these caves was related by Dick Mahwee, a middle-aged shaman on the Pyramid lake reservation.

159 [778] There is a mountain below Dayton [Nevada]. Men go to the cave on this mountain to get power. Women never go into this cave. They get their power in dreams. I went there when I was about twenty-five. I stayed in the cave all night. When I

got inside I said what I wanted. I said I wanted to be a shaman and cure sick people. I lay down on the floor and then I heard lots of different animals going through the cave. They would say "Somebody is here." The animals do that to see if a man is brave. They try to make him run out of the cave. Then I heard lots of noises. After a while I heard people singing and dancing. Then the chief talked to the people who were singing and dancing. I listened to this for a long time and then I felt as if I were in a daze. I could hear two chiefs at the dance talking back and forth. Then down at the bottom of the cliff I could see a man. He was very sick. A shaman was singing for him and doctoring him. I heard the songs of the shaman. A woman with a wet sage brush branch in her hand was dancing. She went around the fire jumping. Every time she jumped she said, "Hū!" The sick man was getting worse. I could hear him groan. The shaman sang some more and then he started to weep. Then all the people wept and wailed. The shaman didn't sing any more and all the people were crying. It was past midnight now. The people mourned until daylight and then they stopped. I was lying on a rock and it started to crack like breaking ice. Then a tall slender man stood in front of me. He said, "You want to be a shaman. You must do as I tell you. First get your eagle feathers and do what I tell you with them. You have chosen this and it may be hard for you. The feather is to guide you. You can bring the souls of dead people back with it. Do that, otherwise you will have a hard time. At the bottom of this cliff there is some water. Bathe in it and paint yourself with white paint. Don't be impatient but wait for my instructions." I did what he told me and I learned my songs and how to cure the sick when this tall man came to me in dreams. He helps me doctor people and tells me what to do.

A man may go to one of these caves to secure luck in gambling, ability to be a good hunter, or invulnerability against arrow or bullet wounds. In any case a man coming to the cave must state what he wishes and then bravely face the ordeal of staying all night in spite of the terrifying noises. To do so assures the success of the quest, while to leave before morning means that the seeker receives no power.

If a man wants to be a hunter he goes to the cave near Dayton. He shoots arrows at the cliff and then he goes into the cave. He announces what he wants. He says he wants to be a good hunter. He has to stay there all night. He must sleep in the cave. A tall slender man comes to him during the night and tells him what to do. The tall man tells him to go across the river at the foot of the mountain. He has to hunt a kangaroo rat. When he kills the rat he must eat it. That will make him a good hunter because the rat has the power of all the fur animals.

When a man wants to be a gambler he sees during the night in the cave many gamblers playing. He sees that he wins the entire world. He can see which side the sticks are on in the hand game. While this man is in the cave he is told to fix a pointed bone for the hand game. He is to keep it always at his side. Then he can see through anything. That makes him lucky.

6: Wheeler-Voegelin E-4 (no date) 1955-56
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N U 648 157. A Snake Indian, a member of Panai'ha's party, had treacherously murdered the Wasco leader Queapama as he advanced, unarmed, to meet Panai'ha for a peace talk (Thompson, ibid., pp. 51-53).

N 789 158. A superstition generally current among many of the Oregon Indian groups at this time was attached to Panai'ha — namely, that he was bullet-proof (Thompson, ibid., pp. 53-54). For the general currency of this belief see NA. WDC. DC. 1054-DC-1874. Frank C. Wheaton to A.A.A.General, DC, Camp Warner, N [756] Ore., May 6, 1873: "Oche-ho [see fn. 94] cannot be convinced today that a bullet shot at his chief medicine man would harm or injure him in any way, and only a few weeks since he kept a party N [776] of incredulous Klamaths waiting three days at his camp while his Medicine Man was arranging with the Great Spirit to catch all bullets fired at him.

N [171] [174] "I believe this superstition to be general and deeply rooted among Indians in Southern Oregon, and have been told that it originated with the Cayuse & Coeur D'alene Bands."

159. See p. 114 and fn. 131.

160. Camp Maury was not a permanent post (WR, pt. 1, p. 330).

N 648 726 161. WR, pt. 1, pp. 337-338. Panai'ha later confirmed Drake's report; in the fall of 1864 he told Capt. Wm. Kelly of Ft. Klamath that he "had been fighting the soldiers during the first part of the N [712] summer, and was in the fight in which Lieut. Watson was killed, and that he was at the Indian Fort or stone fortification afterwards" (NA. WDC. DP. K-77, K-30, 1864. Wm. Kelly to E. P. Waite, Ft. Klamath, Nov. 10, 1864).

162. WR, pt. 1, pp. 331, 333, 338, 341.

N 701 ● 159 163. Panai'ha's abilities impressed both military and Indian Office personnel. Huntington considered him the Snakes' "most celebrated war chief and their most efficient leader"; Meacham says Panai'ha was "probably the most daring and successful leader the Snake Indians ever had" (RCIA 1867 [CDS #1326] p. 73; Meacham, Wigwam, p, 215).

164. WR, pt. 1, p. 341.

165. WR, pt. 2, pp. 878-879.

166. Drew, Official Report, pp. 6, 30.

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787 are had before shamanistic practice is undertaken. One man may
756 dream of a spirit only a few times; then, recognizing the meaning of his experience, he will feel fully qualified to take up doctoring. Another novice shaman may dream repeatedly for a year or more before he enters upon his profession. No doubt the degree of suggestibility of various individuals is an important factor in determining the frequency of dreams. The desire of one person to become a shaman may lead to the interpretation that certain dreams have conferred power, whereas another may refuse out of fear to undertake shamanistic practice. If a person dreams of being a shaman only once, or even several times, it is not thought that he must obey the call.

It should be noted that relatively few complete dream-experiences were recorded. This is in part due to the feeling that the actual content of the dream itself was of no importance. The instructions that the dreamer received were all that mattered. Consequently, though few people related dreams in any detail, the knowledge and the instructions gained through such experiences were carefully reported by informants. There was no reluctance on the part of either shamans or laymen in discussing dream-experiences; all talked freely on this subject.

756 An account of the dreams by which power was given to one sha-
787 man will serve to illustrate the characteristic features of this sort
159 of experience.

> I was getting to be a doctor. My father was a doctor, and I got to be one just the same as he. In my dream, I heard a song. It was coming from the north. It was coming just a few feet above the ground. I heard that song. I heard it just one night. The song came all night. That was all I heard the first night.
>
> In dreams after that I saw a horse coming from the east. When I first heard him, he was on the other side of the mountain. Then I saw him come over the ridge. He came toward me and when he got close, he made a big circle around me. Then he went back. That horse had nothing to do with my power.
>
> My father used to doctor. He had power from the otter. I had the same power. After I dreamed about the horse, the otter came to me in my dreams. He told me to get his skin and to cut it into a strip about four inches wide down the length of the back from the head to the top of the tail and including the eyes and ears. Then he told me to get two eagle tail-feathers and put them in two holes in the skin at the neck and

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to tie them inside with buckskin. The feathers lay flat on the fur side of the skin. The otter told me to keep the skin and the eagle-feathers. He told me to use the skin and feathers when sickness is bad and hard to cure. He said, "When there is very bad sickness and no doctor can cure it, take the skin out of your sack and put it in front of you. Then you are going to try to cure." I was ready to doctor then. When I doctored, the otter gave me my songs.

This account then goes on to relate how a mistake was made in the care of the paraphernalia and, as a result, the informant lost his power. This illustrates the belief that if the exact details of the instructions given by the supernatural spirit are not followed, the offending shaman will suffer illness and loss of power.

After I got my power, I tried doctoring a few times. Then one night the otter came to me again in a dream. He told me that I should get another tail-feather of the eagle. He said, "Take a round piece of abalone shell about the size of a quarter and fasten it to the feather." It was then that I spoiled my power. I had been thinking for some time that the otter-skin was too long. It was about four feet from the head to the tip of the tail. So I cut the head off. After I had done this I got sick. The last time I dreamed about the otter was when I was sick. I felt dizzy. I did not feel very good. I saw the otter jump into the upper end of Pyramid Lake. Then I saw him running on the desert. That was the last time I saw the otter. I had to call in a powerful shaman [Tom Mitchell] to cure me. He came and doctored me. He said to me, "I found out that you cut off the otter's head. That is what made you sick. When you did that the otter went away. You will never see him again. You cut the head off and now you are just like the otter. He does not know anything, and you are the same way." I never dreamed again of the otter when I got well. If I had not cut that piece from the skin I would now be a doctor. (Joe Green)

Very often dream-experience, if not understood, will result in sickness. In this event it may be necessary to have a shaman interpret dreams and restore the dreamer to health.

A man has the same dream a number of times. Then he knows the power to be a shaman is in him. Sometimes it makes him very sick. He must do what the power tells him. One man, who is still living here [Reno], was sick about a year. He almost died. When he was sick he went into trances and his body was stiff as a board. He dreamed that he went to the land of the dead. He dreamed that way all the time when he was sick. He said that ghosts of dead people came and tried to steal his soul. His father was a shaman. The man almost died, but his father finally cured him. (Harry Sampson)

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to be a doctor can be acquired on this mountain. Big rocks roll down when a person goes there to seek power. If one steps out of the way of these rolling rocks, the power will not come. The rocks come within a couple of feet of the person who is seeking power and then disappear. That is the way the spirits test people who go there to get power. The mountain is called wayfkudagwa'. (Rosie Plummer)

There are no preparations for the power-quest. The man who seeks a vision does not fast either before he undertakes the quest or during his stay in the cave. Nor is the quest for power accompanied by self-torture or extended physical exertion.

Late in the afternoon, the man who seeks power goes to a cave where, he has heard, it is possible to acquire power. Food for a midnight and a morning meal may be taken along. Upon entering the cave, the aspirant for supernatural power asks for the particular kind of power that he desires. He then makes simple preparations for spending the night there. Power comes simply as a result of the aspirant's request and his concentration on the desire for power. One of the informants, Dick Mahwee, who sought and received his power in a cave, gave an account of his experiences.[9] His version will serve as a fairly representative statement of this manner of acquiring power.

When I was a young man I had dreams in which I doctored people. I did not take those dreams seriously. My uncle was an Indian doctor. He knew what was coming to me. He told me to be careful in talking, not to speak harshly [in order not to offend the supernatural spirits]. I did not become a doctor from these dreams. Finally, I decided to go to the cave near Dayton. I was about fifty then. My uncle did not tell me to go there. I just decided to do this myself.

I went into the cave in the evening. As soon as I got inside, I prayed and asked for power to doctor sickness. I said, "My people are sick. I want to save them. I want to keep them well. You can help me make them well. I want you to help me to save them. When they have died give me power to bring them back [return the lost soul]." I said this to the spirit in the cave. It is not a person. It comes along with the darkness. This is a prayer to the night.

Then I tried to go to sleep. It was hard to sleep there. I heard all kinds of noises. I could hear all the animals. There were bears, mountain lions, deer, and other animals. They were all in caves in the moun-

[9] It may be of interest to note that he related his experiences in detail each summer during the three seasons in the field. These accounts recorded a year apart agreed in all details.

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tain. After I went to sleep I could hear people at a doctoring. They were down at the foot of the mountain. I could hear their voices and the songs. Then I heard the patient groan. A doctor was singing and doctoring for him. A woman with a sage-brush shoot in her hand danced. She moved around the fire jumping at every step. Each time she jumped she said, "hə', hə', hə'." Then the shaman sprinkled water on the patient with sage-brush. The singing and dancing went on for a long time. Then the singing stopped. The patient had died and the people began to cry.

After a while the rock where I was sleeping began to crack like breaking ice. A man appeared in the crack. He was tall and thin. He had the tail-feather of an eagle in his hand. He said to me, "You are here. You have said the right words. You must do as I tell you. Do that or you will have a hard time. When you doctor, you must follow the instructions that the animals give you. They will tell you how to cure the sickness. I have this feather in my hand. You must get feathers like it. You are also to find the things that go with it. Get dark beads. Put them on the quills of the feathers and tie a strip of buckskin to the quills. Also get a hoof of a deer, and down from the eagle. With these you can go to people to cure them. These are your weapons against sickness. You must get three rolls of tobacco. You can use them to tell your patients what made them sick and then you can cure them. The tobacco will also help you if you are choked with clots of saliva when you suck out the disease. With this you are beginning to be a doctor. You will get your songs when you doctor. The songs are now in a straight line [ready for use]. Bathe in the water at the foot of the cliff and paint yourself with i'bi [white paint]."

Then I woke up. It was daylight. I looked around but I could not see anyone. The man was gone and there was no sign of the animals or the people who had been singing and doctoring. Then I did as the spirit had ordered and waited to become a doctor. In about six years I had received enough instructions to begin to cure.

The success of the power-quest is dependent upon the seeker's undeviating adherence to the traditionally recognized form of procedure. If he does not go to the right place or if he refuses to stay in the cave the entire night, failure will attend his efforts. Also, as in unsolicited dreams, the instructions of the spirits must be carefully followed. Consequently, only those who do not abide by these conditions fail in the quest for power. Several informants related anecdotes of men who were unable to acquire power owing to their failure to follow the correct procedure in the quest.

Happy Dave heard about the cave where power is acquired. He went there, but he did not want to go inside the cave. He tied his horse

above the cave and made his bed outside. A lizard came to Dave. It ran up one arm and down the other and then up one leg and down the other. Then it went back on the rock. After the lizard went away the wind came up. It blew very hard. Happy Dave heard the owl down by the river. He could hear the owl in spite of the wind. Later the owl came up from the river and talked to Happy Dave. The owl told him that he had not done the right thing and that he was wasting his time. He told Happy Dave that he should go home. He was to go down to the river and bathe and put i'bi [white paint] on the horse. This was to purify both the man and the horse [to prevent the sickness that would result from his improper conduct in relation with supernatural spirits]. Happy Dave told me about his experiences. It happened a long time ago. He is now dead. He never got to be a doctor. (Dick Mahwee)

With some, shamanistic power is inherited from parents or other relatives. This is not to be regarded, however, as inheritance of property in the usual sense of the term. The shaman's outfit, like other personal property at the death of the owner, is invariably destroyed. Commonly the Paviotso manifest a very strong fear of the evil consequences that would surely overtake anyone who retained personal property of the dead. The heir of shamanistic power must have that power bestowed on him in dream-experiences precisely as would any other shaman. Inheritance here is simply a strong tendency on the part of one of the children, or other relatives, of a shaman to acquire power from the same source some time after the shaman's death.

In some cases, the ghost of the deceased shaman appears in the first dream of the heir. In later dreams, the supernatural spirit that actually bestows the power appears and the ghost is no longer seen. This is not always the procedure in inheritance of power however, for the ghost of the dead relative may never appear in the prospective shaman's dreams; only the spirit which confers power comes at these times. The following statements by informants indicate the rôle of inheritance in the acquisition of supernatural power.

Power can be inherited by the son or daughter of a shaman. A son or daughter usually receives the power after a shaman dies, but sometimes a young man or woman may start to doctor while the parent is still alive. When the dreams come to the heir, he must take the power or he will be sick. When a shaman has several children, the power decides which will be a doctor. It may be the son or it may be the daughter

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756 787 The eldest son does not always get the power. There is no rule, because the power always decides who is to be a shaman. Several doctors here [Pyramid Lake] inherited their powers. One woman has her father's power. She is as strong a doctor as he was. (Dick Mahwee)

In the old days, a shaman before his death did not give away his power. A son or daughter got the power after the shaman died. A few years ago a woman at Walker Lake gave her power to her daughter before she died. I do not think this was done in the old days. (Rosie Plummer)

My father had power from the otter. After he died, I dreamed about the otter and his songs. I never saw my father in my dreams. He did not decide that I would get his power. The otter decided that. Sometimes a shaman can tell before his death which child will inherit the power. One child will talk in his sleep and try to sing. The songs are not plain enough to be understood. Then the doctor knows that the child will have his power after he dies.

When my father was dying, he wanted to give me his doctoring outfit. But I knew about the danger and I did not take it. I knew it would make me sick. If I had taken his outfit he would have wanted his rattle and eagle-feather with him. He [his ghost] would come back to get these things. Then I would have got sick and died. (Joe Green)

Cases of shamanistic power being transmitted to a child while the parent is still alive are also known. In this event, both parent and child are regarded as practising shamans.

Sometimes a man will get his power from his father who is a doctor. Both can doctor at the same time. The father will tell the son how to doctor. When a boy starts going into trances, his father knows that some day his son will be a doctor. A woman can inherit power the same way. (Annie Dick)

One informant, Rosie Plummer, inherited her power from her father. He in turn had been the heir to his brother's power. Her account gives the typical beliefs for this way of acquiring shamanistic power.

756 787 159 When my uncle was dying, he told my father to take his power. He wanted my father to have the power to doctor. He told my father to dream about the power and get instructions for doctoring that way. The next day my uncle died. Soon after that my father began to have dreams. My uncle would appear in these dreams. He came every night in dreams. Each time he came a different way. My father did not like the dreams. He was afraid that his brother was trying to get him away [so he would die]. My uncle, before he died, had given my father a little piece of lead with a hole in the center. The hole was filled with eagle

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down. My father buried the lead and the eagle down. Then his brother's ghost did not bother him again. That lead and the feathers represented my uncle's power. After that my father became a powerful shaman. His power told him to catch rattlesnakes. They did not bite him. He was told to put sage-brush in his nostrils so the snakes would not hurt him.

Rattlesnake was my uncle's power; then my father had rattlesnake for his power. Now the snake gives me power. Rattlesnake came to my father in dreams. That is how he learned to treat snake-bites. Rattlesnake told him to catch rattlesnakes and take two fangs from each. He was to do this until he had ten fangs. Then he was told to take ten stone beads that were colored like rattlesnake eyes. He strung the beads and the fangs together. He used this string of beads to treat rattlesnake bites. He could also cure people who were sick.

Sometimes my father caught rattlesnakes and put them around his waist. He used to ride home carrying rattlesnakes that way. One time he put a rattlesnake on me. He told me not to move. The snake crawled all over me, but it did not bite. He had rattlesnakes with him all the time.

My father died about twenty years ago. Nearly fifteen years later, when I was about fifty, my father began to come to me in dreams. He brought his power to me. He told me to doctor. I dreamed about him three or four times before I believed that I would doctor. After a while the power started to come to me when I dreamed. Then I stopped dreaming about my father. The rattlesnake told me what to do. The snake helps me doctor now. It comes to me when I dream. Several times it has told me to catch snakes, but I have not done it. This has not yet made me sick.

It is difficult to state what proportion of shamans at any one time have inherited powers. Nearly everyone has or had either close or distant kin with shamanistic power. There seems to be a general feeling that at least one child of a shaman will inherit powers. On the other hand, there is good evidence that in many cases a shaman's powers are lost at death. It also seems evident that inheritance here is but a variation on the theme of acquiring power through dream-experience.

Related to the practice of transferring power before death to the son or daughter is the idea that it can be shared with another. However, when a shaman gives his power to some member of his family, usually that person has already been set apart from others as having a predisposition to acquire power. This is exhibited early in life by dreams and by talking while asleep. Transfer in this

Notes on Some Paviotso Personalities and Material Culture

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The following notes are intended mainly to serve as a minimum explanation and identification of the illustrations which appear at the end of the report. All of the pictures reproduced here combine interest with uniqueness, and refer to one single tribal and linguistic group of the state of Nevada, the Paviotso or Northern Paiute who in pre-Caucasian times held the western half of the state. None of these illustrations are recent, but date mainly from the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. Relevant literature (books, articles, and newspaper accounts) are cited to assist those persons who desire to find additional data on each subject referred to.

The source of the illustrations is as follows: Plate 1, *left*, and Plates 2 and 3 were all copied by me about 1930 from original prints in the possession of John T. Reid of Lovelock, Nevada. Permission to publish these was granted by him verbally at the time, and is more formally stated by him in a letter to me under date of January 27, 1941. Plates 4–9 come from the C. Hart Merriam collection deposited at the University of California in the Department of Anthropology (Berkeley), and date from over a half-century ago.

PLATE 1

Chief Winnemucca. The photograph at left was probably taken in Virginia City some time before 1882. A similar photograph of Winnemucca standing and dressed in the same military uniform can be so placed and dated. The drawing on the right is indicated as taken from a photograph by Noe and Lee, Virginia City. This illustration first appears in Dan DeQuille's *History of the Big Bonanza* (1876, fig. opp. p. 266), and a similar one is shown in Thompson and West's *History of Nevada* (1881, fig. opp. p. 144).

While it is sometimes claimed (e.g., Collins, 1953) that Captain Truckee was Winnemucca's father, this seems not to have been the case.[1] DeQuille (*op. cit.*, p. 271) states that Winnemucca had three or four wives, one of whom was a daughter of Truckee, and that this wife bore the famous daughter, Sarah. DeQuille (*op. cit.*, p. 265) writes that in 1875 Winnemucca at that time was about seventy years old, and his death may be dated in October, 1882. Taylor (1860) states that Winnemucca was said to be over seventy years of age in 1860. The Virginia Enterprise

[1]Captain Truckee, the famous guide, is first known in history when in October, 1844, at the Sink of the Humboldt, he became attached to the Stevens-Townsend-Murphy party as a guide. One of this party gave Truckee his name after a French-Canadian scout whom he knew, and this name was also applied to the river which flows out of Lake Tahoe and empties into Pyramid Lake. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (1883, p. 9) says Fremont gave Truckee this name. Truckee is said to have been a main chief of the Paviotso of western Nevada. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (*op. cit.*, chap. 1) corroborates the statements made above, and tells how Truckee, with a party of twelve men, went to California with Fremont and took part in the fighting against the Mexicans. This, in turn, is corroborated by Edwin Bryant (1849, pp. 237–38), who says that Truckee with his brother came to California with a party of emigrants and accompanied the California Battalion on its march from Monterey to the Ciudad de Los Angeles in 1846. Bryant saw Truckee and a lesser chief in 1846 twenty-five miles above the Sink of the Humboldt. Truckee's death, possibly resulting from a tarantula bite, occurred in October, 1860, near Como, in the Palmyra District, Lyon County. He was buried on a ridge west of Como, on the outcropping of the old Goliah ledge, beneath the pinon trees. In his grave were placed a small bible given him by Fremont and other papers (Irons, 1933, pp. 96–99; DeQuille, 1876, p. 269). Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (*op. cit.*, chap. IV) gives a quite different version of Truckee's death and burial.

(newspaper) of January 14, 1879, appears to quote Sarah as stating her father was then about eighty years old. Sarah Winnemucca (1882, p. 252) states that both she and her father were born at the Sink of the Humboldt River (i.e., Humboldt Lake).

The name Winnemucca has been given a variety of meanings. The Pacific Tourist (Williams, 1876, p. 191) says the word means "chief"; DeQuille (*op. cit.*, p. 271) says it means "charitable man." In 1931 Skinny Dave, whose mother was Sis Winnemucca (a daughter of Truckee John or *We-hee Winnemucca*, who was the brother of Chief Winnemucca)[1] and whose father was *Numana* (Captain Dave), told me that Winnemucca's Indian name was *Mubetawaka*, "man with hole in his nose," the name coming from the pierced nasal septum in which he wore a stick or bone about 4 inches long. This nose-pin can be seen in Plate 1, *right*. Thompson and West (1881, p. 151) say that Winnemucca's Indian name was *Po-i-to*.

The feather headdress which Winnemucca wears in Plate 1, *right*, is not an aboriginal Nevada form, but is clearly recognizable as a ceremonial headgear of the sort used by Central California Indians north of San Francisco Bay in a ritual called the *KUKSU* cult. Since he is known to have been in California, it may be presumed that Winnemucca secured this bit of ceremonial finery from across the Sierras.

The Winnemucca we have been speaking about, and who is shown on Plate 1, is often referred to as Chief Winnemucca or Old Winnemucca to distinguish him from his nephew *Numaga* or Young Winnemucca (DeQuille, *op. cit.*, p. 265). Young Winnemucca's picture is shown by Thompson and West (*op. cit.*, opp. p. 144), but they erroneously state (*ibid.*, p. 151) that he was not related to Old Winnemucca. Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (*op. cit.*, p. 60) correctly refers to Young Winnemucca as her cousin.

The death of Winnemucca rated some notice in the press, and the San Francisco Call of October 15, 1882 carried the story of his last illness. Winnemucca died at Coppersmith Station on October 21, 1882, and attributed his illness to having been bewitched by his young wife. Either on the night of his death or a few days afterward (the accounts are not in agreement on this point), the young wife and her three-year-old child were stoned to death as punishment for causing her husband's death. This incident, with the newspaper accounts quoted in full, has been presented elsewhere in publication (Heizer, 1955).

PLATE 2

Sarah Winnemucca. Sarah, whose father was Old Winnemucca and whose mother was a daughter of Captain Truckee, in some way acquired a fair education. She and her father correctly saw that the only hope for the Indians' survival lay in cooperation and submission rather than in war, and that only an informed public could help the Indians by bringing pressure upon the Department of the Interior to appoint honest Indian agents. Sarah's life is one of extraordinary interest, and is too lengthy and complex to be sketched here. In her book, *Life Among the Piutes*, she indicates her birth at about 1844, although a few years earlier she gave information appearing in the Virginia Enterprise (newspaper) of January 14, 1879, that she was then about thirty-one years of age, which would make her birth year 1848. She states in her book (*ibid.*, p. 70) that she was taken to San Jose, California, in 1860 to school, but stayed only three weeks because of objections raised by parents of Caucasian children also attending. The Virginia Enterprise (Jan. 14, 1879) says that she and two of her sisters (Mary and Emma, probably) stayed seven years in a "select school" in San Jose. She was married at least three times to white men; first to a man named Snyder who died on his way to Germany on a visit, next (in 1876) to a Lt. Bartlett, USA, with whom she lived only a short time, and then to a man named Hopkins whose name she still used when she published her book in 1883. Her Indian name is variously given; De Quille

[1] The death of Chief Winnemucca's brother, Wa-hee Winnemucca, also known as Truckee John, occurred in 1859 at the hand of Augustus Moore, who shot Wa-hee for stealing a valuable mare which he owned and kept on his ranch in Truckee Meadows (Moore, 1878, pp. 15-19).

(*op. cit.*, p. 271) says it is *Sonometa*; Sarah, in her book (*op. cit.*, p. 47) gives it as *Thocmetony*, "shell flower," and in an article a year earlier (Sarah Winnemucca, 1882), it is rendered *Somittone*, "shell flower." 159

Sarah's costume is not that of the aboriginal Paviotso which was limited to the briefest sort of skirt made of leather or shredded tule or sagebrush bark, but is obviously of the type characteristic of the Great Plains and Plateau area. It can be safely assumed that she acquired this dress as a lecture costume. The San Francisco Call (newspaper) of October 18, 1883, describes what is apparently the same garment as follows: "Her apparel was of dressed deerskin, buff-colored and heavily fringed with beads, reaching a little below her knees, and displaying her legs encased in red leather leggings and a pair of mocassins trimmed to match her dress. Pendant at her side was an handsomely embroidered pouch. Her black hair, which reached below her waist, was brushed smoothly back from her forehead." 159 291 [177] [302]

Sometime during the late 1870's Sarah began to give public lectures on Indian life and on the outrageous treatment of the Nevada Indians by the Federal Government. She visited San Francisco on several occasions for this purpose, and summaries of her talks appear in such newspapers as the Call, Alta, and Union during the 1880's. Many letters written by her to Indian agents and to officials connected with the office of Indian Affairs in Washington were also published (presumably from copies sent by her to editors) in the newspapers. All in all she achieved a fair degree of fame, and is said to have gone East and given a series of lectures, this trip bringing her into contact with Mrs. Horace Mann who apparently helped Sarah get the manuscript of her book, *Life Among the Piutes*, in shape and found for her a publisher in Boston. While we have no information whether the book made money for Sarah to continue the fight on behalf of her people, it is now a very scarce and difficult work to obtain. It appears that Sarah, through her lectures, stirred up enough public interest to cause some alarm among officials of the Department of the Interior, and in late 1878 Sarah, together with her father, Old Winnemucca, and her brother, Natches, was brought to Washington at government expense and there interviewed by the then Secretary of the Interior, Schurz. Her account of this experience indicates clearly that official Washington considered her a nuisance and troublemaker, but at the same time a power to deal with. She was told to go back home and tell her people that they would be given canvas for tents, and food. This she did, but she also tells touchingly in her book about the failure of the government to fulfill its promise and of the continued misery and suffering of her people. While her efforts on behalf of the Paviotso did not ever accomplish much because she was fighting a corrupt, indifferent, and powerful governmental agency, her selfless motives and tremendous energies and high purpose make her a person to admire in the history of our far West. 159 648

The date and place of her death are not known to me, although they could no doubt be determined if one searched the newspapers of the last decade of the nineteenth century. The Virginia Enterprise newspaper article of January 14, 1879 refers to a son of hers who was at that time attending school in Silver City, but of him I have no other information beyond this statement. 159

PLATE 3

Sarah Winnemucca and her husband, Mr. Hopkins. The left picture is one of Sarah in Caucasian dress and beneath it in a very fair hand is written in ink: "Your Loveing Sister Sarah Winnemucca." It is undocumented but probably dates from about 1880; the sister referred to is probably either Mary or Emma.

The center picture is unidentified as to place and time, but a guess may be hazarded that this is one of her early lecture costumes and therefore may date from about 1879 or 1880. It is obviously taken in a studio, perhaps in San Francisco where she spoke many times.

The right picture is that of Mr. Hopkins, her third Caucasian husband. This looks like a daguerrotype photograph, and may not date from the time of her brief marraige with him (1882 or 1883) but from an earlier period. The photograph is associated with the two described above, and derives directly from Sarah through her brother, Natches, who gave them to his friend, John T. Reid of Lovelock, Nevada, sometime around 1900.

14:Stewart E-5 (1936-1938)1944 NR13 Northern Paiute NR13
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Indian New Deal," by the Bannock at Fort Hall in 1920, "two years after they got it." From that time he made yearly visits to Idaho, except during the winter of 1926, which was passed with the Shawnee and Kickapoo, and in the years from 1928 to 1932, when he lived with the Cheyenne and Kiowa and visited other tribes. In spite of his long adherence, Johnny conducted his first ritual in Nevada in January, 1938, to cure his sister, making a special trip to Oklahoma to get peyote. Joe Green (P,11), Leo Okio's assistant, was drummer. Four or five curing meetings and a special Easter service, attended by only a few friends and relatives, were all that followed. Like Lone Bear, Johnny opposes Ben Lancaster because he collects money for personal use and allows too much female participation.

Mike Wallace (P,3), Johnny Wright's nephew, joined the religion at Fort Hall in 1932 and returned there the next two summers and the winter of 1935. In 1936, he attended two of Ben Lancaster's meetings in Nevada. Later, in 1937, after learning the "right way" while on a trip to Oklahoma with his uncle, he opposed Ben.

Jim Street (S,12) was converted at a Goshute peyote meeting at Ibapah, Utah, about 1932, but was inactive until he joined Ben Lancaster's cult in 1938. By November, 1938, Jim was chief drummer and leader during Ben's absences.

George J. Johnnie (P,6) had once taken his father to Utah for a peyote cure, but had not been to Ben's meeting by November, 1938, in spite of his statements that he would go sometime.

Vehement denouncers of peyotism were Ike Sutton (W,Reno), who attended a meeting in Oklahoma; Ray Fillmore (W,2), who went to college at Becone, Oklahoma, 1930–1933, where "the boys would boil peyote and drink it like beer"; Roy D. Mills, a quarter-blood Sioux (married to a Washo girl), who had used peyote in South Dakota, Utah, and Oklahoma; and Dave Strouse, a quarter-blood Seneca (married to a Washo), who had attended a peyote meeting in Wisconsin. These Indians oppose peyote because "it is a drug" and because Ben Lancaster makes too much money—"it's a racket."

1936 Proselyter Ben Lancaster

The foregoing gives a picture of how the stage was set for Ben Lancaster, also known as Chief Gray Horse, producer and principal actor in the 1936 episode of Washo-Paiute peyotism. From him and his acquaintances I gathered a knowledge of his life before his return to Nevada after a twenty-year absence, and the data illuminate his cult and its effect upon the two tribes.

He was born about 1880, probably near Mountain House, Nevada, an old stage-coach station about fifteen miles south of Gardnerville, almost on the Nevada-California state line; and incidentally, also on the boundary between Washo and Northern Paiute territory. His mother was Washo. Who his father was is not known; he is said by most Indians to have been white.[14] Part of the year 1899 he went to the Carson Indian School, this being the extent of his formal education. During his youth he was a ranch hand: milking cows, herding sheep, working hay, getting drunk, traveling around western Nevada. Living with Paiute and Washo, he learned both languages.

Fair enough to pass for a white man, he deserted his Indian friends and ranch jobs to become eventually the "best bartender in Nevada" and a professional gambler. From Reno he went to San Francisco to "work on the water front." While in that city, he learned to cook opium in a Chinatown den on Dupont Street, and later worked near by in a "planing mill at the foot of Broadway in Oakland."

[14] On the government census rolls, he is classified as fullblood.

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When the Walker River Reservation was opened for mineral claims in 1907, he was there looking for ore. After mining or prospecting "in every mineral district in Nevada," he caught an east-bound freight train in 1916. He worked in Bingham Canyon, Utah, and, during the war, in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Working for Armour and Company in Omaha, "busting bronchos" near Red Rock, Oklahoma (1919), and bootlegging whiskey in Hot Springs, Arkansas, were a few of Ben's experiences before 1921 when he got a job as a farm hand near Clinton, Oklahoma, and attended a Cheyenne peyote meeting, his first.

Shortly after this, he began "traveling for a medicine company"; and for the next ten years, letting his hair grow and sporting a fancy feather headdress and beaded buckskin clothes, he trekked over the United States selling "Chief Gray Horse's Indian Herbs, a natural laxative." Although he claimed he advertised the medicine for Baker Chemical Company, Cincinnati, and sold it only to stores, he is known widely in Oklahoma as an herb-medicine salesman.[28] He sold his few remaining boxes of medicine to his Nevada converts to peyotism at the regular price of $1.00. The package contained an ounce or two of dry ground "cascara, mandrake, polk root, gentian, uva ursi, licorice, wild cherry, senna, and other herbs," a medicine "strictly botanical," prepared by "Chief Gray Horse Remedy Company, Cincinnati, Ohio."[29] "Hoover's depression," he said, "put me out of business; then I started drifting and getting odd jobs wherever I could."

Ben spent each Christmas with his Cheyenne peyotist friends. Johnny Wright met him there in 1930, and in 1932 he (Johnny) heard that Ben was selling herbs and was married to a white woman who had a restaurant in Lawton, Oklahoma. (Ben refused to confirm this marriage, but Carnegie Smokey [W,2] lived with Ben and his white wife, Sylvia Gray Horse, after he followed Ben to Texas, January, 1938.)"

In 1930 Ben told Johnny that he would take peyote to his people in 1932, but he was delayed until 1936. His plans to proselyte among the Washo and the Northern Paiute were secret. "I had cut and dried peyote near Sanderson, Texas, to bring to the Washo," he said, "for I knew these Indians needed it." Near Phoenix, Arizona, he added a cactus staff to the ritual equipment he had obtained in Oklahoma. He conducted his first meeting at Randlett, Utah, for the Ute Indians. At Ibapah, Utah, he held one for the Goshute. About the first of October, 1936, he arrived in Minden, Nevada, where he lived with his "aunt," Susie Dick, and his "cousin," Sam Dick.

For a week or two, he spent most of his time sitting on the curb at Gardnerville, causing quite a stir with his hair bound in colored wrappings falling over his shoulders and his beaded vest, and greeting old friends and acquaintances, both Indian and white. Nothing was said about peyote during that time, and one Indian girl told me she got drunk with him.

[28] This is confirmed by letters from the superintendents of the Cheyenne and Arapaho agencies, from the secretary and treasurer of the Native American Church, from a Kiowa and an Oto in Oklahoma, and by Johnny Wright.

[29] I saw several boxes and obtained from one its folded leaflet containing this information.

[30] In a letter dated September 26, 1938, the present officials of the Native American Church (the incorporated Indian peyote church) denied any knowledge of Ben's membership in their church. That Ben went to peyote meetings in Oklahoma frequently enough to be considered a member of the Native American Church is confirmed in a letter to me dated December 3, 1938, from Mack Haag (Cheyenne), of Calumet, Oklahoma, former president of the church. He wrote that Ben was a member, had attended many meetings, and was well qualified to start the church in Nevada, although he did not know that Ben had done so.

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Converts among Washo and Northern Paiute

About the middle of October, however, he began proselyting, holding his first meeting privately. Sam Dick's jar drum, which Lone Bear had taught him to tie with buckskin, suggested that Sam might be a valuable aide. Although Sam had been active in Lone Bear's cult in 1932, he was still a practicing shaman, for Lone Bear saw no incompatibility between the two methods of curing. Sam Dick, his wife, and Ben were at the first meeting, at "Wood Camp" in the mountains south of Gardnerville. Sam's account bears quoting:

> He made the moon; I tied his drum and he gave us peyote. During the night he thrashed me out [made me vomit] and made me realize that I had been using devil power to do the doctoring. He told me that I would have to throw away my outfit, and it made me cry. He made me cry just as he had done when we were kids. Then he said, "Don't cry for that devil power; cry for God and the true peyote religion. That is worth crying for." He made me see the truth, and I realized that I had been doing wrong without knowing it. He taught me how to use peyote. He showed me that I didn't need to drink and carry that disease in my body. He showed me how to run meetings, what to do, how to forgive mistakes.

This first meeting was facilitated by Sam's kinship with Ben and his previous experience with peyote. Sam appears to have had a conversion in the conventional sense—that is, recognition of sin, repentance, faith in a new religion, and a desire for a new way of life. That Ben had dominated Sam during their previous life together probably prepared the way for the renewal of the same relationship. Sam became Ben's principal supporter and conducted meetings in his absence in 1937.

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Among the old friends Ben met at Gardnerville was Johnny Cleveland, who was on his way to the Sierras to get some "balsam from the big pines" to cure a friend. Ben explained he had some medicine that might help the patient, as well as Johnny's "pitching" arm, sore for twenty years; he would bring it to Schurz soon. On November 11, 1936, Ben arrived there with peyote. Johnny ate two buttons and sang with Ben until midnight, without any other ritual. The next day he took Ben to Johnny Doe (P,1), his sick friend. A regular meeting was called and about twenty people attended. Ben had told Johnny Doe there would be no charge since they were old friends, but other participants were encouraged to give about twenty-five cents each. By midnight Johnny Doe's old handgame songs were loud and clear, although at the start he could hardly whisper. Ben passed the staff, rattle, and drum, asking everyone to sing "just any song." The next day Johnny Doe was out of bed and over at the gambling grounds; Jennie Williams threw away her crutches and walked with a cane; Johnny Cleveland's arm was cured; and Mary D. Creek decided to stop drinking. During the first week three meetings were held; and after the third Ben moved into Mary D. Creek's house, where they lived as man and wife. Two meetings were held the second week; then Ben and Mary went to the "Wood Camp" and organized another meeting with Sam Dick and his wife.

At Schurz, Ben also had the advantage of working with old friends who looked up to him for his worldliness and his unusual life. His position was soon enhanced by Commissioner Collier's visit, during which, it was reported, he admitted to Ben before a large gathering that there were no Federal laws against the use of peyote, that the Commissioner's son had tried it, and that, as used in Oklahoma, it was probably a good thing since many of the finest Indians belong to the peyotist Native American Church. However, peyotism appealed to the Schurz Indians because it appeared to cure.

The cult at Schurz had opponents from the start and was short-lived.[10] The In-

[10] One of the first members was committed to the State Mental Hospital at Sparks, Nevada, soon after joining. A diagnosis of manic depression was entered on the Hospital record.

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dians' previous knowledge of peyote was contradictory: some heard that all who used peyote with Leo Okio had died; others remembered Tom Knudsen's statement that peyote cured. One Indian convert continued to be interpreter for the Baptist missionary, and Johnny Cleveland, Indian judge, urged attendance at the mission. In spite of belief in the miraculous power of peyote, kept alive by testimonials, only about a dozen meetings were held at Schurz; and only Mary D. Creek of the twenty or twenty-five who were active for about three months attended meetings after February, 1937.

Through their grapevine news system nearly all the Washo and Northern Paiute Indians soon heard of Ben Lancaster's medicine and meetings. Ben asked Sam to arrange meetings with his friends; and since Willie Smokey (W,2), his "cousin," was sick, a meeting was held for him on November 26, 1936, at the Dresslerville Indian Colony, a mile from Gardnerville. After a few meetings in Smokey's house, the crowds were so large that a canvas was put up in a circle, and meetings were conducted in the open in spite of freezing temperatures.

Everyone was invited and from seventy to a hundred persons attended. Probably his success prompted Ben to change the charitable manner used at Schurz, for now he preached the necessity of voluntary contributions of money. Though telling the Indians to give whatever they wished, Ben exaggerated the expense entailed in procuring peyote and the greater blessings received through larger contributions. The $4.00 to $5.00 received for a meeting at Schurz became $50 to $80. No doubt the Gardnerville Washo primarily came to the meetings to be cured of real or supposed ills. Those who were well learned that peyote would protect them and show them the right way to live. The entering wedge was through kinship and friendship, and usually when one member of a family joined, the rest followed.

Willie Smokey, councilman and leader in the Baptist mission, was respected for his sobriety and intelligence by Indians and whites. His family—wife, mother, three married children, and five unmarried, adult children—formed the nucleus of the Gardnerville cult, which was active until December, 1937. During that time, the Smokeys gave Ben baskets; beadwork; special foods, such as piñon-nut flour; many dinners; and all the money they could, which was a fair amount because all were working. They became so earnest that they never missed a meeting wherever held, as a result endangering their employment by tardiness or absence. Like Sam Dick, they seem to have been converted religiously, and in conversations after their separation from the cult they emphasized its spiritual and ethical qualities much more than its medicinal efficacy. They maintained that since Ben failed to correct certain unjust and irreligious acts of Sam Dick they could not attend meetings. (It was apparent, however, that jealousy and thwarted ambition were the real reasons.)

At Gardnerville, Ben Lancaster's peyotism flourished and declined much as had Lone Bear's cult four years earlier. By November, 1938, only one family of four active peyotists remained there;[10] and since June, 1938, Ben has refused their request for meetings because of the militant opposition.

After instituting meetings near Gardnerville, Ben and his wife traveled to and from meetings there and at Schurz, about sixty miles away. The road passes through Wellington in Smith Valley and Yerington in Mason Valley, where about two hundred Indians live in two colonies and on scattered ranches. Most of the older Indians remembered Ben; and although they are Northern Paiute, several traced distant kinship with him. At Wellington, Ben told James Keno (P,3), his "cousin-

[10] Two other active members are listed on Dresslerville census rolls, but they live elsewhere.

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brother," of his new medicine and religion. Since his son was ill, Keno agreed to hold a meeting, to which Ben invited most of the thirty families in the valley. The meeting was held in early December, 1936, in a large ranch-house room lent to Keno by his Italian employer. The room was crowded. Curing was emphasized as the reason for the meeting, and nearly every sick Indian in the valley was there.

In January, meetings were called in Yerington for two young men known to have advanced tuberculosis. Ed Reymus and Ed Decroy were so sick that Ben suggested all-night meetings on two successive nights, a frequent practice during the early months of proselyting. After the first two rituals, both patients seemed improved; and meetings were called again two weeks later. During the last night of the second series, however, both patients complained of dryness in the throat which could not be relieved. Ed Reymus died at home two days later (January 24, 1937), and Ed Decroy died at Schurz Hospital, February 8, 1937. No more meetings were held at Yerington and only a few Yerington Indians have attended them elsewhere.

It is difficult to conduct a peyote meeting when only one person present knows the ritual. Probably to have an experienced first assistant on hand at all times, Ben made his wife chief drummer. He and Mary held meetings alternately at Schurz, Wellington, and Gardnerville until March, 1937, when Schurz was dropped.

Colville, California, took the place of Schurz in the circuit. The Coleville meetings were called for Joe McBride by his wife and relatives, who had attended meetings at Wellington. The Coleville converts, unlike those at Yerington, continued to participate in peyotism in spite of Joe McBride's death (he, too, suffered from advanced tuberculosis), possibly because Ben laid the blame on the poisonous alcoholic breath of a drunken sheriff, who broke up a meeting at McBride's a day or two before Joe died.

To Daisy Cushman (P,12) is due the credit for the first meeting at Fallon Reservation. She had stolen away from the Schurz Hospital, where she was convalescing, to attend Ben's early Schurz meeting. She wrote her sister, Dolly Moose (P,6), at Fallon Reservation, about peyote's cures. Since Dolly Moose's daughter Ruth had endocarditis, which the doctors affirmed might cause her death at any time, Dolly took her daughter from the hospital and wrote Ben, who decided on a three-night ritual. Only the family assisted on the first two nights, but the third night a neighbor, Joaquin Brown (P,6), offered to help pay for the "doctoring." The child seemed improved, and another meeting was arranged in two weeks. Joaquin invited all the Indians on the reservation to attend, especially the sick; but only about 20 of the 146 adults came, among them several of Ben's old friends. Treatments were continued and four families were converted. When the child died five months later, Ben explained it by saying her Aunt Daisy had exposed her to whiskey fumes. However, since Ben neglected to attend the funeral, the Mooses, although devout, stopped attending meetings.

The sanity trial of peyotist Joaquin Brown, ending with a prison sentence for incest, further placed the peyote cult in a bad light here. During the trial, Ben left his Paiute wife with Keno in Smith Valley and went to Texas in his new Ford V8 automobile. One enthusiastic woman contributed $100 to defray the expenses of his long pilgrimage to get peyote and, incidentally, to join his legal wife.

Even before this trial, the majority of Northern Paiute and Shoshone Indians of Fallon Reservation were skeptical. Several maintained that peyote had killed all who had eaten it in 1929 and 1930. Most of the sick had in fact died in the six intervening years, although none had died immediately after Leo Okio's meetings. Nevertheless, of the ten Paiute and three Shoshone families who were present at

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Ben's first meetings at Fallon Reservation, one Shoshone, one Paiute, and one mixed Shoshone-Paiute family were converted, becoming steadfast members.

Returning from Texas late in April, 1937, Ben was asked by the Mono Lake (California) Paiute to hold a meeting. A Mono Lake Indian had been present at the early Schurz meetings, and had advertised the peyote cures as miracles. Young Charlie (P,7), eighty-five years of age, who was being kept alive by small doses of digitalis,[a] sponsored the meeting and felt so improved that he discontinued his usual medicine. A month or so later he died. Cures of less serious ills, however, impressed several families and other meetings were held. By August, Betsy Sam (P,7) was convinced that peyote could cure her fifteen-year-old son of tuberculosis of the spine, although a year in Phoenix, Arizona, and four months in the Agency Sanitarium at Stewart, Nevada, had not helped him. Jimmie Sam, unable to walk when his mother took him from the hospital against the doctor's advice, seems to have improved steadily under peyote. He was putting on weight and walking within a month; and when I saw him in November, 1938, he was driving a truck to get wood. Jimmie's improvement, admitted astonishing by field nurses and doctors, together with Ben Lancaster's ingenious explanations for his failures, have brought continuous contributions from eight Mono County pensioners and four employees of the State Highway Department and Los Angeles waterworks.

During the summer of 1937, meetings were held in three new towns; first at Bridgeport, California. John Lundy, aged sixty-seven, a Miwok Indian who has lived thirty-five years with the Northern Paiute, was cured of a cold. Discouraged from further participation by the County Pension Administration's threat to stop payments to peyote users, he nevertheless sent his son to meetings to be cured of paralysis in one arm and both legs. Woodfords, California, was the next new town, with a ritual for Maggie James (W,9). Shamans and white doctors had not cured her of a large goiter, but after a single peyote ceremony and a $10 contribution she was greatly helped. Faithful attendance and contributions of about $2.00 a week kept her out of bed. Visalia Cornbread (W,10) called a meeting at Carson City for his son.

At the end of a successful year, during which peyote meetings had been started in three Washo and seven Paiute Indian communities, the "peyote chief" again made the trip to the peyote fields. From December, 1937, to April, 1938, Ben Lancaster lived in Oiltown, Texas, with his white wife, where he cut and dried peyote. When Carnegie Smokey (W,2) arrived there penniless but eager to assist in the sacred task of preparing peyote, he sensed Ben's discomfiture. Ben's care to keep him from other peyotists, his refusal to assist another convert who had followed him, and the presence of his white wife made Carnegie question his sincerity.

N W [578]

While awaiting Ben's return, Mary D. Creek stayed with Sam Dick, his wife, and his mother; and Mary and Sam held meetings. Money from collections and from sales of peyote for home use[b] was sent to Ben. Sam, the first Washo convert, had been prepared by careful tutoring to conduct the meetings in Ben's absence.

Sam and Mary answered calls in the communities Ben had opened and initiated the Pyramid Lake Reservation with a meeting at Nixon, December, 1937. Harry Sam (P,11), previously cured by peyote, took his niece from the Stewart Sanitarium, where she suffered from arthritic swellings in her knees, and called a meeting to help her. So successful was Sam Dick that the Nixon group of a dozen or so converts call him even when Ben is available.

Happenings during Sam's leadership had important repercussions, shedding

N W [435]

[a] According to Dr. Bambauer, Indian Service doctor at Bishop.
[b] Ben's regular price was ten cents a button.

14:Stewart E-5 (1936-1938)1944 NR13 Northern Paiute NR13
Washo NT20

light upon the whole problem of acculturation. Less than a month after Ben departed, Willie Smokey became ill and went to the hospital. (The very fact that a good peyotist entered a hospital is unusual.) His daughter Freda called a meeting for him, but she and her brother Carnegie were late and Sam had already started when they arrived. From here on, two accounts must be presented: the Smokeys' and Sam Dick's. The Smokeys accuse Sam of ignoring them and not praying for Willie Smokey. According to Sam, Freda Smokey was jealous and wanted to run the meeting; she made fun of him and said he did wrong. At the end of the meeting, a friend of the Smokeys went out of his head and said the world was coming to an end, which Freda took as proof of Sam's mistakes and Sam interpreted as retribution for false criticism.

The Smokeys and most other Dresslerville members refused to attend any more of Sam's meetings, but both factions awaited Ben's return to be vindicated. Carnegie Smokey even went to Texas in order to present his side of the dispute first.

Nor was the apostasy of the Dresslerville group Sam's sole difficulty. He left his wife and married Joe McBride's widow, which led ultimately to a break between Sam and Ben's Nevada wife and chief drummer, Mary. Sam's new wife wanted to be drummer. When Sam humored her, Mary left for Schurz in a huff. These instances of jealousy between members could be multiplied.

The situation which greeted Ben on his return was not a happy one, nor did he improve it. First, he rejected Mary as his wife, accusing her of getting drunk in his absence.[*] Then he failed to appease the Smokeys. When they called a meeting for justice, he slighted them. Ben joked with Sam and "prayed for Don James (W,2) and his sheep-shearing machine." To be unmentioned while blessings were invoked for a new convert's machinery was insulting, and the Smokeys ceased to support the meetings. During the first year, Sam Dick's Minden home was Ben's headquarters, and the Washo Indians at Dresslerville received most of his attention. Circumstances changed rapidly. Shortly after his return from Texas in April, 1938, the Fallon Town colony came within the orbit of the cult and soon became the real center.

Ben seemed unconcerned about losing the support of most of the Dresslerville converts when he added Jim Street, a Shoshone of the Fallon Town colony, to his following. Jim had money in the bank, a new car, and a good job with the largest store in Fallon. Ben was probably attracted to Jim also because of his flair for leadership. Jim's confidence and audacity are illustrated by his request for thirty-five peyote buttons at his first meeting at Ibapah: "If it was worth traveling four hundred miles to get, I wanted enough to feel." His remarkable visions at the Ibapah meeting had converted him. Now Ben convinced him that his "tipi way" cult was even better than the "old Sioux way" of the Goshute. Jim's sister-in-law, Louise Byers (S,12), released from prison after serving two years of a ten-year sentence for killing a man when driving while drunk, became Ben's new Nevada wife, the two moving into Jim's house. From then on, Ben paid no attention to his Indian friends and relatives in Gardnerville and Minden, stopping there only to pick up weekly air-mail letters from his Texas wife, sent in care of a shoemaker.

The faithful, soon adjusted to the Smokeys' absence from meetings, absolved Ben and began accusing the Smokeys of all manner of sin. The meetings continued to be held at the homes of the numerous members, and Lake Tahoe was added as a pleasant summer meeting place.

[*] In November, 1938, while keeping house for a white man in Hawthorne, Nevada, Mary D. Creek still used peyote as a home remedy and praised Ben. Indian Policeman Jones and Indian Judge Cleveland of Schurz helped her retrieve part of the $50 she gave Ben when they "married."

14:Stewart E-5 (1936-1938)1944 NR13 Northern Paiute NR13
Washo NT20

Don James (W,2) was taken into the peyote cult with special enthusiasm, much to the surprise of members and outsiders, for he had been one of Ben's most articulate and adverse critics for a year. Ben was attracted to him apparently as he had been attracted to Jim Street and for the same reasons. Don joined to stop drinking and because peyote had helped his mother, Maggie James. He had equipment worth about $10,000—shearing machine, trucks, and a string of horses which he rented to tourists at Lake Tahoe. He boasted he had borrowed and repaid $3000, and an official of the Minden bank said his credit was good for almost any amount.

The James boys invited the members to Lake Tahoe in July; the Kenos moved to Campbell Ranch, near Yerington, which replaced Wellington as meeting place; and finally a meeting was requested at Bishop, California, in August, 1938.

Although Bishop was the last place to request a meeting, Soda Tom's wife (P,14) and daughter Rosy Moose (P,14) were members of several years' standing. Like Joe Green of Nixon, Soda Tom's wife and Rosy joined Ben's cult because of belief instilled by Leo Okio. In 1930 they had heard of Leo's doctoring and traveled from Bishop to the Fallon Reservation, and thence to Nixon to participate in as many meetings as possible. They had had experience with Ben's cult in the summer of 1937 when at Mono Lake with Johnson Charles (P), a relative. All the Indians in Bishop knew that Soda Tom, his wife, Rosy Moose, and Johnson Charles were members and had heard of Jimmie Sam's recovery from his aunt who lives in Bishop. But they had also heard of the incest of Joaquin Brown, of the deaths of Ed Decroy and Young Charlie, and that peyote is a dangerous dope. None attended the meeting at Soda Tom's. However, the house was filled with approximately seventy members who came from as far away as Fallon, 160 miles, no one traveling less than 60 miles.

Ben Lancaster conducted his last 1938 meeting for the Washo and the Northern Paiute on November 6, at Bishop, where nearly a hundred peyotists were assembled. During the next week, he gathered piñon nuts, and with four 100-pound sugar sacks filled (half donated by Soda Tom) he departed for Texas. In spite of Ben's suggestions to the contrary, Louise Byers went with him.

On the same day that Ben left Bishop, Sam Dick conducted a meeting at Coleville, well attended by devotees who previously had accused him of evil practice and had spurned his meeting while Ben was present. Possibly many came from curiosity because, when appointing Jim Street to represent him and leaving him a supply of peyote, Ben had announced that Sam had no medicine and could get none; thus definitely breaking with Sam, whose special interpretations he had tolerated for a year.[*] Sam accuses Jim of using devil power to separate him from his "dear brother Ben"; and competes with Jim for the faithful. Members are aware of the hatred Sam holds for Jim and some take sides, but most will go to either meeting, for "wherever peyote is used, there can be no wrong."

In two years, peyotism spread to fourteen communities scattered in an area extending 250 miles north to south and 100 miles east to west. Reno and Benton were the only important locations of Indian communities in this 25,000 square miles at which ceremonies had not been held (see the map, p. 67, and table 1, p. 122).

CHANGES IN RITUAL AND ATTITUDES

In spite of the possibility of change in a religion transplanted into a new cultural setting, the diffusion outlined above has affected the peyote ritual relatively little. The similarity between the Washo-Paiute ritual and its Kiowa-Comanche prototype is evident from the detailed description and the element distribution list

[*] I had sold Sam five hundred peyote buttons for $5.00, having obtained them from Laredo, Texas, for such emergencies.